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Audrey Lee Blanton

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Lynn Hanna

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PULP



Pulp

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STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE
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NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS

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In Error

W. J. McCawley

Old man Mote shuffled down the street. There was a legend to the effect that once he had been young and affluent, but no one rose either to verify or dispute the legend. There were rumors that he had collected a fortune in loose gems, but again there was no one to verify the rumor. One thought of such poems as "The Last Leaf" and "The Last Rose of Summer" when they saw him, for he was a doddering old man and alone in the world. Shuffling along in the carefully hesitant manner of one whose eyesight is weak, he presented a picture that might well have stirred the soul of an artist. Slightly stooped, he breasted the sharp autumn wind in an old top coat that might have been in style 20 or 30 years earlier. The sunlight played in little golden shadows about his gnome-like face as he made his way thru the evening chill to his bare and lonely little room on the third floor of the Russ Tenements.

Wearily climbing the gloomy stairs he thought of fairer days and made mental comparisons between them and the bitter present. Gone were the rich furnishings, the costly stones, the smooth motors and liveried chauffeurs of wealth and affluence. There was nothing left more than the bleak monotony of utter loneliness and boredom. The crash had come suddenly in the market, sweeping away the savings of a lifetime. His best friends turned on him and froze him out with relentless pressure. After his wife left him, he packed his few possessions and moved to Cincinnati to take up a lonely life. There was sufficient reason to avoid the risk of any hurt that might come from close friends, so he made none. That is, none except Benny. Meeting Benny was a stroke of luck. Life had been harsh with Benny, and there was a certain comradeship born of mutual grief. There was such a world of comfort in knowing Benny. Persuading Benny to move across the hall from him had proved to be the one bright spot in a dreary world. Reaching the end of his weary journey he turned the key to his door, changed his mind, stepped across the hall, and knocked on Benny's door.

Benny Cross was a shifty-eyed little deformity who might have earned good money with any circus if he had been interested in such things as an honest living. Work did not appeal to Benny, and had never interested him. It was much better to live by one's wits at the expense of other people. If one were careful to interest himself in only those lesser infractions of the law, one might irk the police without stirring them into action. Diminutive size and a cringing attitude thoroughly concealed the viciousness that was Benny Cross. We find Benny at the present moment sitting on the side of his bed doing a little reflective think-

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ing. Benny recalled vague rumors of a doddering old fool with a fortune in gems as the lure that had aroused his greedy soul and led him to the present hour. God, it had been awful living in this smelly old room with the dingy fittings when the lights on the avenue were so bright; tough to live on beans and salt bacon when one could afford grilled steaks. Step by step Benny recalled the past six months—giving up the old life of ease to move in and cultivate the acquaintance of the old fellow, deliberately humoring the fool until the old man had come to look on him as a son. Months of careful spying had proved the rumor to be fact rather than mere hearsay. O well, knowing the old gentleman suffered occasional heart attacks and used strychnine to relieve them would simplify the task. It was more than convenient to know that the old gentleman carried on no correspondence at all. Quite a set-up it was. Made to order and Benny intended to use it. To be quite brief, Benny was fixing to graduate from crime's school and take upon himself the work of a master technician. Benny was contemplating nothing short of murder. With smug satisfaction Benny reminded himself that the loot would more than justify the weary months of waiting.

A knock on the door interrupted Benny's musings. He arose and admitted Mr. Mote.

"Doddering old fool," he thought to himself, but said aloud, "Well, how's the old ticker this evening, Pop?"

Before the old man could reply, a pain struck him, and clutching at his breast he gasped, "I don't believe I can make it—Son, I'm afraid you're going to have to help the old man to bed."

Benny arose, and putting his shoulder beneath the old fellow's arm he walked him across the hall to his room.

"Cripes, what a break," thought Benny. "Might as well be now as later." He seated the old gentleman on the bed, and undressed him, and covered him up. Stepping to the door he turned and said, "I'm gonna git a book and read to you, Pop. Be back in just a minute."

Across the hall Benny took a pair of rubber gloves and a ball of twine from his suit case, picked up a magazine, and returned to the old man's bedside. The old fellow looked up.

"Benny, would you fix my medicine for me? Same as before, you know?"

Benny took the bottle of yellow liquid, poured out a half glass instead of the usual teaspoonful, added a little water and gave it to him. Snatching up a pillow he slammed it over the old man's face, holding it there until quite certain there was no life in the frail body.

Pulling on the rubber gloves, he set the clock three hours ahead and then dropped it to the floor, where it stopped running. The glass he wiped carefully and set on the table by the bed. Raising the old man's limp arm he pressed the lifeless fingers around the glass.

"Might catch some green punk with fingerprints, but

not Benny Cross," he observed softly.

Stepping across the room to the corner he raised the third board from the corner and reached into the dark hole he uncovered. Taking a small metal box from the hole, he opened it and took a small chamois sack from within the box. The sack he put inside his shirt.

"Nothing like being certain," he thought as he spread the few papers from the box before him: a few newspaper clippings from brighter days, a few worthless stocks and bonds, and a plain blank envelope.

Tearing into the envelope he took a single sheet he found inside and read, "My collection of jewels I leave to Benny Cross. He is the only friend I have."

"Well, who'd a thought it?" Benny mused. "Sentimental old coot."

However, this was no time to be soft. He put the paper in his pocket and crossed the room. Taking the string from his pocket he lifted the water pitcher and set it down on one end of the string. He then unrolled the ball, carried it to the transom, and threw it over. Glancing over the room he left the light by the bed burning and stepped outside and locked the door. Outside he cut the string and slipped the end thru the key, and let the key slide down the string until he heard it clink against the pitcher. Jerking the string sharply from under the pitcher he pulled it from the room and put it in his pocket. Now all was in order. The old man's key was on the table beside his bed and the door was locked.

"Damn smart," thought Benny. "Now whoever finds him will think it's a clear case of an overdose of medicine, and if they don't the clock will prove it happened when I wasn't here."

In his room Benny burned the paper, gloves, twine, and chamois bag, threw the ashes into the toilet, and flushed it. Placing the jewels on a long strip of adhesive he put another strip on top of them and sewed the whole business inside the lining of his coat. Leaving his room he went straight to the depot, stepped into the coffee shop, and ordered ham and eggs. Awaiting his order he checked over every detail carefully and complimented himself on his shrewdness. No one could catch him. Not even the G men. G men were funny ginks anyway, even though they did have a dreadful reputation for running things to earth. Take that one for instance who caught Tony Scalletti last week. Apple cheeked kid, fresh from college, didn't look a day over twenty-three. No such young smart alec was going to prove anything on Benny Cross. No. Not by a damsite. Benny had considered every possibility and had covered his tracks perfectly.

The door to the coffee shop swung open, and two keen-eyed young men entered. They seated themselves and ordered. These two men immediately put their heads together and started talking. Despite the fact that they were obviously discussing Benny, he could hear no word of their

conversation. Time and again they turned piercing looks toward him. Benny felt his stomach take a nose dive; his heart was leaping as if it would betray his secret. Benny became more and more uncomfortable. Again he checked his actions and found them flawless. Again he thought of Scaletti's nemesis, and the similarity of these two to him was entirely too fitting. One of them started to rise, and Benny's heart stood still.

The other reached up and grabbed his companion's arm and distinctly said, "Don't be an ass, John; come on and sit down." A flood of relief swept over Benny, but his appetite was gone. No use taking any further risks, though. Arising he took his hat and left the cafe. As he passed thru the door he glanced back, and noticed that both men were following him. He closed the door and ran.

A lusty voice called after him, "Hey, you! Wait a minute!"

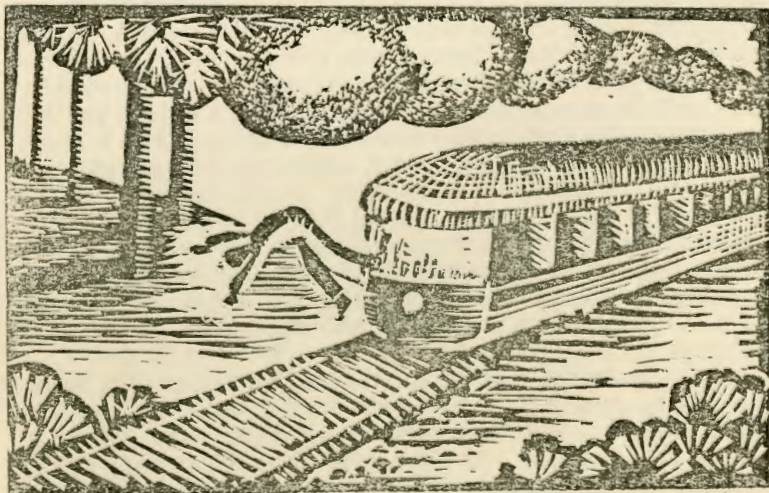
Benny ran the faster, and did not stop until safe in the shadows of the baggage platform.

"That was just a shade too close for comfort," he thought as he leaned against a post.

In the coffee shop the two young men finished their meal. They went to the check room and drew their bags which fairly shouted "Johns Hopkins." The stickers were all over the grips. They boarded the Philadelphia train and dozed off to sleep. After an hour or so the younger awoke and nudged his companion in the ribs.

"Bill, do you remember that warped case who made off with your hat back there at Cinci? Well, I still say you're wrong. That couldn't have been paralysis. I still think he was a professional beggar."

The other answered, "Well, it's hard to say the way he was sitting, although I damn near stared a hole thru him."



If you hadn't of been so squeamish, I would have asked him."

Suddenly both of them sat stiffly upright. A few chairs down the aisle sat the subject of their conversation. The two students arose and started toward Benny. Benny did not wait. He arose and left the car. In the next car he glanced back and saw that they were still coming. Fear gave wings to his feet. He fled thru the train until he came to the observation car, then the platform. He glanced at the blurred rails rushing from beneath the train.

A still small voice whispered to Benny, "Better take a chance on the rails than on the hot seat for murder."

The two men came thru the door and Benny vaulted the low rail.

"You have the wrong hat," came to his ears a fleet second before the end of a cross tie smashed his skull as if it were a rotten squash.

Stars Have Fallen

Stand still; don't move;
Come not so near.
Stars have fallen,
So bright, so clear,
Into the waters of the lake.

A magic wand
Please let me take
And under them
So softly pry,
To help them back into the sky!

Audrey Lee Blanton.

Nursery Rhyme

Sing a song of college days,
A hip flask full of rye,
Four and twenty upperclassmen
Stewed or very high.
When the game was over,
The boys began to sing,
If you don't think this is funny now,
You probably won't.

Lynn Hanna.

A pleated skirt is an accordion played by the wind.

Scooped

James Fuller

City Editor Thomas Bailey slammed the receiver on the hook and let out a string of profanity that could have been distinguished all the way to the composing room and probably farther had it not blended with the clanking of the linotype machines which were lined up in the joining room.

"Just like Middleton to 'straw up' with a case of influenza at a time like this. Tonight is the night that old man Dodd's daughter, Martha, takes the proverbial jaunt down the plush aisle to fulfill the second important event in a man's life and Middleton, the best society editor in the business, is the logical hound to write the yarn," he snorted.

"Delaney, come here!" Bailey yelled.

The city ed's right-hand man rose abruptly from his desk at the other end of the room and walked briskly up to Bailey.

"Why the frensic inferno on the King's English, Tom?"

"Is there an available pencil pusher that I can send to cover the Dodd-Lemille nuptials?"

"Can't say off hand. Let me recapitulate. Berghane is on the Hilger pink tea sipping, Payne's sleeping through a diplomat lecture over at the auditorium, Dennis is short-handing a long hand-shaking over at the North End Grammar P. T. A., and Millis is abridging a bridge tourney at the Ladies' Club. If there are any other soc reporters on this sheet, then they're working gratis, 'cause they're not on the payroll."

"Well, who in the name of Horace Greely am I gonna send out to cover the Dodd-Lemille affair? I can't send any of the cubs, as this shindig is the biggest thing since Hitler lost his nerve. Old man Dodd don't necessarily own this burg, but if you give him another year or two he will. We are liable to be working for him soon, so I want to make this ring juggling a thirty-six pointer. After all, old man Dodd is spending five grand on this classic, and we are expecting the florist to run a full page in the Daily Sun with Pa Dodd's photo in the middle of the ad."

Delaney came to the rescue. "How about the cub down from Missouri U.? She has so many degrees on the end of her name that I mistook her for a government project. I believe her cognomen is Joyce Hailey. Spiffy looking dame that should be at home at such affairs as the Dodd doings. I can't figure out why she works. 'Tis rumored around the plant that she is filthy with dough."

"Any old bottle of port in a storm," Bailey said with a frown. "Where is she?"

"Say, 'Type Lice', stagger down to the corner drug and see if you can find Hailey," Delaney yelled at the office boy. "Look for her in the cosmetic department."

City Editor Tom Bailey turned to the assignment sheet

to ascertain whether or not all the stories were covered. He was anything but the type of man you would expect to place pedal extremities beneath a city editor's desk. He was bulky and bald. His large ham-like hands had a slight nervous quiver—a result of work and not women and wine. His stocky frame was a seat-full for the swivel chair he occupied. His many years of newspaper experience had taught him many things, among them not to let disturbing noises and interruptions annoy him. For that reason he did not notice Joyce Hailey enter the room and walk lightly up to his desk.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bailey, but did you send for me?" Joyce said.

Bailey looked up and saw five feet two inches of loveliness, dressed like a page from Vogue. She had dark brown hair, hazel eyes, dimples, and a nose that wrinkled slightly as she talked. Her form wasn't necessarily a Venus de Milo, but Billy Rose wouldn't Corrigan away from this bundle of beauty.

"Yep, scurry over to the First Methodist tonight and get the Dodd-Lemille yarn," Bailey said, seemingly unconcerned in order to give the rookie confidence. "Peters has already scooped the pictures by shooting the rehearsal last night. Haven't seen them, but Peters don't fail."

"O. K.," Joyce said, "how many galleys do you want?"

"About six stickfuls. Get the names of all the out-of-town guests."

Joyce whirled and disappeared through the office door.

The next five hours saw the home edition roll off the press and the final edition take shape. Bailey glanced at the clock on the wall. "Nine o'clock," he said to himself, "and one hour until dead-line."

"Type Lice," the office boy, came bursting into the room with all the speed his little legs could muster.

"Say, boss, Hailey just drove up out front in a auto that was so long it took hinges in the middle to turn it around the corner. She said the yarn about the Dodd-Lemille marriage is in the bottom drawer of your desk. She said to tell you that it has been there since yesterday afternoon."

Editor Bailey opened the drawer and pulled out the story that was neatly typed on copy paper. Attached to the story was an envelope. Bailey ripped the end of the letter open and read aloud:

"Dear Mr. Bailey:

Please accept this missive as my official resignation. I have succeeded in fooling my father into thinking I have been working on Mother's pet charity all this time. I don't believe I can fool my husband. Lots of luck to all the staff.

Yours,
Martha Dodd,
Alias, Joyce Hailey."

Voices

FROM THE DORMITORY

7:45 p.m. by the dormitory clock.

"Here it is again, Friday night nothing to do; guess I'll study awhile. Gosh this Biology is as boring as—Wait! You say they got a game started." "Where?" "Okay, be right down." Boy this is right up my alley. I'll take enough of that sucker money to date for a month. Let's see how much have I got, three dollars and two cents, that's plenty."

"Knock, knock,—Sure I want to set in; what do you think I came down for—just to sweat the game? Anybody change a dollar? Thanks pal, My deal? Okay, ante up, suckers, for a little game of draw. No openers? Sure I'll open it for twenty-five. Cards? I'll take two and bet a half. Anybody beat three kings? Didn't think so, told you fellows I was hot tonight!"

10:05 p.m. by the watch of the fellow in the yellow shorts.

"Boy, this is sure my unlucky night. Okay, chump, I'll stay. What have I got? Flush, ace high, try and beat it. Guess I'm getting lucky again. What! Who's got a ten high full, well I'll be—that breaks me! Goodnight, suckers.

"Too late to study, better go to bed. Hope Mrs. Willis catches those suckers—serves them right."

"Good-night."

Bill Ferem.

FROM THE GIRLS' BOARDING HOUSE

"I'm coming," the loud whisper came from the girl at the upper-story window for the third time.

"Do hurry!" came from the ground.

The door latch turned, and two girls faced each other. The one in pajamas spoke, "I suppose it was a flat tire again, or probably out of gas, or better still, he broke a leg."

"Aw, have a heart, pal, just because you haven't fallen for a fellow—"

The girl in pajamas leaned against the wall, smiling in the dark. A pleated skirt touched the floor as the figure knelt, taking off her shoes to climb the stairs. She brushed on carelessly by the pajamas.

The pajamas cautioned, "This is absolutely the last time I shall come down to let you in!"

"I don't believe you," an impish voice whispered.

The pajamas didn't believe it either.

Anonymous.

FROM THE COMMUTERS

Left again! I knew I shouldn't have stayed for "Deep Purple" that last time. He said they were leaving at five o'clock, and he evidently didn't mean five minutes after!

Where does this commuting get me, anyhow? Being jerked out of bed, running through a bath, making a pass at the breakfast table, dressing on the way to school, grabbing books, purse, etc., (usually forgetting the most necessary article) is—is—oh, nuts to it all!

Crowding in to ride on the front edge of the back seat, throwing books on the floor, leaving no place for feet, laughing at one's sitting back when a jolt gets them in the neck with books, and arriving late to classes are other added features.

The brighter side comes with catching up on all the latest gossip, combing hair, and general fighting. Still rushing through the day, borrowing money, losing books and getting in campus courses—it's all fun. I guess.

Still no car in sight. I hope they have four flats going home.

Milryn Wallis.

FROM THE OLD ELLUM TREE

When we students look upon the campus, we not only see the tall pines, but also an elm tree. This tree is not noted for its beauty, nor its tallness, but for the beautiful shade it gives to those who have time to waste.

The Elm Tree shade is the birthplace of S. F. A.'s silver tongued orators, law makers, ministers, PWA workers, whittlers and teachers.

This tree affords an excellent place of refuge for those students and professors who had just as soon be under the elm tree swapping yarns as they had assembly. The topics of discussion that take place beneath this tree go from foreign affairs to campus politics, and included in this wide range are some real jokes.

The most recent heated political arguments have been on campus politics, because as one boy remarked last fall, "There ain't no use to argue about state politics here again until 1940, because it is a settled fact that the grand and glorious Texas of ours has stood under six flags, and now is under the colors of a flour sack."

It cannot be said that the elm tree sessions are dominated by the men, for there is the fairer sex also. It is not often that we see a group of fine looking young ladies beneath the elm tree, but in the spring when a young girl's heart turns toward the beauties of nature, we find them

under the elm tree, trying to catch some sap.

Life beneath the elm tree is always happy until some cruel professor strolls by catching one of his students wasting the precious hours of life, and inquires why he is not in the library. The answers to this question are: "I have just come from the library," "I'm going up in a few minutes," "The chairs in the library are too hard for me to sit on," or "I've read every funny page in that joint."

Wilson T. Muckleroy.

Geology

In all the many verses,
I've felt inspired to write,
I've never mentioned losses,
Contours, or biotite.

An ode upon a contour line,
A sonnet to a hill—
Such may engender thoughts divine,
But for me, they never will.

For though beauty there may be
In each brown-lined contour sheet,
The curves that sit behind me
Are the ones I think are neat.

Jack Walker.

Trapped

W. D. Moore

He searched stealthily for several minutes before he finally gained entrance to the darkened house by means of a partially open cellar window. He was cold, hungry, and generally miserable.

The warm air inside the house soothed his jumpy nerves as he crept noiselessly toward the kitchen. He could smell food but was unable to locate it immediately and this served merely to increase the aching pain in his empty stomach.

Suddenly he heard a slight noise in one of the back rooms. Had the owner of the house arisen to chase him away? No, it was merely a mouse running across the floor.

He stole into the pantry and there he spied a piece of steak, probably left over from dinner. He reached for the meat but just as he grasped it, he heard a click and something hit him a terrific blow on the back of the neck. Blackness descended in an all-enveloping wave.

Trapped, like the rat he was!

An Education Includes

Wilma Watkins

In scrawled handwriting Margaret Alcox saw, "Your eyes have the sparkle of stars."

"I thought such compliments went out with the Southern belle," she mused; but evidently Tom Bradford thought otherwise, for daily Margie found some such missive among the papers on her desk. This afternoon, the writer was waiting at the door of the school building, with an eager, "Good afternoon, Miss Alcox! I've just found out that the Centenary game has been moved to 2:30 this afternoon; will you go with me?"

"Thanks, Tom, but I promised Mike that after the game. . . ."

"But I can sit with you, can't I?"

"Why, yes, of course, but . . ."

And thus it happened that at an advantageous spot in the stadium Margaret and Tom could be seen that afternoon. Tom attributed the rosy glow on Margie's face to her pleasure at the attention he was giving her, and he momentarily expanded.

Near the end of the game, he made a date for the next afternoon, and thus appeased his jealousy of infielder Dunbar, who claimed Miss Alcox within a few minutes after his triple sent two runners home and the school team's score soaring.

Saturday afternoon Tom found the time for the date much too late. At his suggestion, the two sat in front of Margaret's dormitory, from which vantage point Tom proudly waved to passing acquaintances.

Uppermost in the young man's mind was one question.

Finally, his courage was sufficient to ask, "Will you marry me, please. Of course we will have to wait a while, and . . . but . . . will you?"

"Tom, you don't . . . You can't . . . mean . . ." She was glad of the momentary diversion created by a horde of the sixth graders, whom she was practice teaching, noisily bicycling by.

"Please, answer me," urgently. He was standing now.

"This is rather sudden, don't you think?" She was prettily confused.

"Then, you'll think it over,"—he was sidling away—"and let me know!"

"Yes."

"Then good-bye, I'll have to go now. We're gonna play the Demons this afternoon!" And Tom pedaled furiously after the receding group of grammar school boys, for he was only 10.



Duel

Swords crossed, poised, glistening, in a flare of early sun
Silence—Blue mist suspended between trunks of trees,
Among vines, amid the wildness of a wood
That shuts out all extraneous passion
But one fleeting mood
Intensified into the red consistency of blood.

The hearts of those engaged are still.
Their hands are quiet, not trembling.
Their eyes unhaunted by quick flashing memories.
Only the still landscape is engraved indelibly as if with steel
Upon the consciousness of all those there.

A moment of complete pause—
Then rapid action
Lighted by the flashing fire of sun on steel.
The rapid clicking sounds of tempered swords
Following in inexorable succession
The slap of an embroidered gauntlet
On a polished table.

A sword arched gracefully in the rising sun.
Another silence broken by the
Throbbing beating of all hearts but one.
A sword dyed red with blood.
A morning sun mounts steadily in the sky—
And years go by.
And we look back and think of chivalry,
Affairs of honor, tempered steel, a rising sun.

Is there in present violent death
A pistol shot—an automobile wreck
That which will make men many centuries hence
Breathe a regretful sigh
And think we had a glorious way to die?

—Anne Birdwell.

My Battle

Marzett Thomas

The old man told me to come and work in the store when I finished school that June. I'd been going to college for eight years off and on and having fun flunking snaps and making faces at the profs who looked at me as if to say, "Why don't you get educated and get the blank out of here?" There was one old German prof who bored the very socks off me. He refused to notice me in class; but, never fail, let the recitation end, and he would be on my neck about a conference that afternoon in his office. In these conferences of his he stood over me while I conjugated verbs and declined nouns and declined to decline them—in which case he'd ask me if I wanted to flunk the course a fourth time. And I'd tell him I never flunked the course three times—I only made three "gentleman F's" by dropping the course three times. And he would ask me what was the difference between dropping and flunking. He never could understand the finer points no matter how many times I explained them.

But you got to hand it to the old fellow; he was very nice to me about other things. All the time I met his class, he never even mentioned Hitler or the Jewish question. He knew by my name and my looks what I was. We never get to be like the natives of any country; we always remain ourselves—crazy people whose old men wear hats at the dining table. So when I finally finished school that June, I was thankful for the memory of one prof in the college who thought enough of me not to talk about us, at a time when the world was wondering what should be done with us.

When I went to work in the old man's store, it wasn't so bad. He put me down in the stock room, and I had to see that we always had a certain number of certain kinds of dresses and suits in stock and to keep the different counters supplied with merchandise—stuff like that. I was hot there in the stock room; I sweated some. But I stuck it out, because the old man kept telling me I had to learn the business, and the best place to learn that was in the stock room. My ambition was to be a salesman in the suit department so in case we got in a suit that was different, it could be altered so nobody else but me could wear it. The old man told me he'd put me in the suit department pretty soon now. In the evenings after supper sometime he would take me into the front room and talk to me about the store.

"My son," he would say to me, "there comes a day not too far away when the store—our store—will be yours. I have put my whole life in that store—it is part of me. Yet the God who gives also takes away. I gladly will give it to you, but, my son, please keep your pen out of the red

ink when you take the store over."

And then he would laugh as though all he had said were a joke and proceed to give me some of the finer points on how to make sales and influence people.

"Son," he'd say, "one of the most important things about running a store is salesmanship. If you can't sell, you can't make a profit. And by the Prophet, if one of your salesladies ever tries to sell a size 14 dress to a size 12 lady, may the God of our Fathers smite you, if you don't fire her. In the case of a man, now that's different. It's never a bad idea to sell a man a suit that's too big for him, especially some of that stuff we put on fire sales. In case the suit shrinks two inches the first time it is cleaned, it'll be the right size and you won't have to worry about making an adjustment with the man who bought the suit. And above all, my son, be careful what kind of ties you sell to men's wives."

And so on into the night my father would explain how to run a store so it would make money. The three most important things in his life were a Cross, a dollar sign, and a store.

Came one fine day when I was promoted to the suit department. I was very happy because, at last, I was where I wanted to be. I could strut up and down the line of suits and feel of them and try to guess which was a \$25.00 one and which a \$30.00 one. And as soon as I found one that was different, I had it altered so nobody but me could wear it. I built up quite a wardrobe that way—that was different. I had a lot of fun with the customers. One time I sold a little fat man about five and a half feet tall a suit with checks in it so big he looked like a millionaire—and the suit only cost \$29.95—it was a \$29.98 suit on sale. Then sometimes when the customers were trying on suits in the little four by four room we had for that purpose, I got a kick out of suddenly opening the door and asking, "Is everything satisfactory?" It was very comical to see a man with a size 40 waist measurement trying to button a pair of size 35 pants around it. Or sometimes I would open the door just when the customer had finished putting on a coat, with the sleeves hanging down enough to hide his hands. Then I would ask, "A little large, isn't it?" And the customer would say, "Yes, dammit."

One day while I was standing up at the front of the store where I had no business, a lady customer came in. I asked her what I could do for her, and she said she wanted to look at some ties for her father. I thought that her father must have been a very busy man, letting his daughter look for his ties in stores. But I didn't say anything. I took her over to the tie counter and motioned the clerk away. Well, I began showing her some ties, and while she looked at the ties, I looked at her. She was nice to look at. She was blonde and just the right size, and her eyes were some color or

other. (I later learned they changed color in different lights). She was about as high as the man I sold the checked suit to. Her clothes were right and so was she. I liked her better than selling suits. I suppose we never would have known each other if it hadn't been for that old frat pin on my coat lapel. She saw that and asked what college. I told her. She had gone to a school which was a rival to mine in everything from football to ping pong. Well, the upshot of it was that we got to discussing old times and discovered many things of mutual interest, and she bought ten ties. Before I gave her her change, I had a date with her for two nights hence. I looked forward greatly for two days to that date, and I couldn't keep my mind on selling suits.

The night of the date I dressed very carefully, wearing one of the suits I had picked from our stock because it was different. I took a long time dressing and combing my hair without putting oil on it, but I was finally ready.

When I got there, she opened the door and she was beautiful. The only expression good enough to describe her is the Greek O. K. She told me to come in. We went into the living room and she had to pick up something so I wouldn't sit on it. It was a book. When she put it on the table I saw what its title was. It was MEIN KAMPF. I felt a little funny.

"Do you read this?" I asked.

"No, that's father's," she said, "He reads a lot in it."

Then I noticed how blond she was. My throat was dry, and I thought about the old German professor back in college and how he never said anything about my people. I remembered who I was. I didn't stay much longer after that. I never went back. (I always thought about that book).

I Must Remember Little Things

I must remember little things:
Your golden tan against a shirt of white,
The low hummed song that you would sing
When you came up my steps at night,
The lighted glow in your warm eyes
When I wore your favorite blue,
The quickened pleasure that I found
Just in loving you!
I must forget the vows we made,
Bitter chains to bind this ache;
I must remember little things,
Lest my heart should break!

Gladys Burrows.

What to Do With Paper Clips

Manton Jones

If you've ever been around a business office, or even handed in a long theme, you must have encountered the paper clip. Technically speaking, the paper clip is an ingenious little device which might best be described by the single word "Hm"! For further description, see Figure I.

Now, as I understand it, the paper clip was originally intended to be an item of utility. It earned its place in the business world, by promising to keep certain vouchers, letters, and memoranda together, and in that place of higher education, the school, by promising to keep those all-important themes in one solid unit—with no strays but without binding them in holy wedlock.

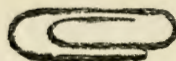


FIGURE I.

It kept those promises, too. Right from the start, the little rascal held every paper committed to its control in an all-affectionate (if not all-consuming) embrace.

There were times, of course, when it picked up a stray carbon copy that didn't exactly belong in its embrace, but even a paper clip must be granted its occasional moments of indiscretion.

It was not this occasional indiscretion, however, that raised hob with the paper clip. Rather, it was, and still is, its tendency to multiply. There seemingly is no way to restrain its growth and limit its progeny. It collects, it reproduces, it re-collects, and it re-reproduces. You can't get rid of it, even temporarily, let alone exterminate it.

Take my own desk, for instance. Every once in a while, I carefully clean out each drawer and throw away what I honestly believe to be my last paper clip. When I get through with this cleaning-out process, I would be willing to bet ten to one that there isn't a paper clip left in the whole desk. Yet twenty minutes later I will discover one trying to hide in a corner of the top left-hand drawer; and within a week, the desk will again be over-run with the things, and I will be at my wits' end trying to think up some new way to reduce their number.

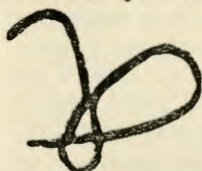


FIGURE II.

So, I say, it is my belief that this tendency of the paper clip to multiply was what first caused business executives and college students to start "experimenting" with it—even as scientists are said to experiment with guinea pigs.

Now it so happens that I have made a little collection of paper clips which have been through this "experiment" process. Once, they were all simple, easy-to-recognize paper clips; but now, for the most part, they no longer resemble paper clips in any way, shape, or manner. What they do

look like, I am not exactly certain; but taken as a whole they give you a rough idea of some of the things that can be done with the world's oversupply of paper clips once a "student" or business man starts to toy with them.

Figure II, for example, might be used as a design for a new-style tennis racquet. I call it the Tennis-Racquet-with-Extension-Handle Design. At least I call it that for the present; It may suggest something else to me by this time tomorrow.

Another of my favorites is an abstraction (called abstraction for lack of a better word) which I have temporarily named the Good All-Around Thing. I prefer it to most of the other Things which usually fall into this classification.

But to me the most intriguing idea yet to come out of a paper clip twister, is the one which I have marked Figure IV. I happen to know the student who created it. He is a great pretzel lover, and this weakness of his for pretzels has influenced his paper clip twisting without his full realization of it. So, in a spirit of cooperation, and without any intent to hurt the feelings of the student who worked out Figure IV, I have decided to call it simply "Pretzel At Rest" and let it go at that. To attempt to understand its true meaning would, I am sure, be fatal.

There are numerous other designs in my collection which also defy complete comprehension. But you can't hope to understand everything in a world such as ours; and I feel that I have cited enough cases to give you a fair picture of just where paper clip experimentation stands today and where it is leading us. Furthermore, I have given you a few working designs with which to start your own experiments. For I know that sooner or later you, too, will come to that day when you must decide for yourself what to do with your paper clip accumulation.

Having been informed that some Freshmen can never find a sample of that too-numerous article, the paper clip, when they hand in their never-late (?) themes, may I suggest that they take a peek at Figure V? As a desperate measure the safety-pin has had its day in holding those themes in an unembarassing embrace. Does it give you any ideas?

But, if I were you, I'd try to forget that the subject ever came up.

A college boy is a young Don Quixote hunting windmills.

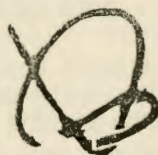


FIGURE III

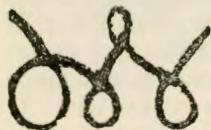


FIGURE IV

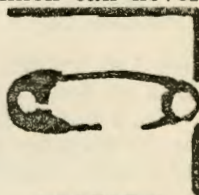


FIGURE V.

That Bee in Church

Eugenia Tadlock

It was very hot in church. The sun beat unmercifully down upon the earth and pinned under its rays a helpless world. Everyone seemed lifeless except the minister who noticed neither the heat nor that his audience was half asleep. His voice droned monotonously on, bringing forth his seemingly endless points.

Through the open window, a great bee flew, seeking escape from the heat that descended like a blanket. It was decidedly out of place here; it should have been in the cool inside of a flower. But something had attracted its attention and it in turn caught the eyes of the congregation. The bee flew close, alarmingly close to the shining bald head of the minister.



The audience thrilled in an ecstasy of anticipation. The deacon near the window laid down his paper. The lady in the violet chiffon dress opened her mouth, revealing a set of false teeth. The father of a child with the face of an angel and the temper of an imp showed the "bug" to her. What he had expected happened. The cherubic face clouded, and the child began to scream that the "bug" would bite her. With a triumphant smile, the father lifted the child and carried her outside to give her a reward, a dainty he always carried, partly to make her stop crying, but primarily to make her cry.

A barefooted boy began to point at the insect and giggle. The pointing hand was promptly slapped down by his mother, who was trying to appear interested in the sermon. The old man who was fast asleep on the third row awakened at the uneasy stir of the people. He, too, began to watch the bee.

Then the bee lighted on the ear of the minister. He brushed it aside without interrupting his speech. The monster insect whizzed viciously around the minister's head. One wing lightly brushed the bald surface. An audible gasp came from the audience.

Then the deacon picked up his paper and began to hunt his place that had been lost a moment before. The lady clad in violet chiffon closed her mouth with a loud snap. The old man in the third pew began again to snore. The barefooted boy leafed through a hymn book. The bee had flown out the window.

So Long Copper

Bessie Rodgers Lunsford

Red crouched lower. Not more than ten feet away stood the young officer of the law. Expecting to be discovered any minute, the young man scarcely dared to breathe.

While Red imprinted the young officer's face on his mind, someone farther up the street broke a window, and the officer darted after him. Seeing his excellent opportunity to escape, Red turned and ran down the alley. When he was certain that he was safe for the time being, he walked slower.

He paused and read a huge bulletin which was tacked on the building:

JOIN THE ARMY! FIGHT FOR YOUR COUNTRY!

Underneath the glaring headlines were pictures and promises to those who joined and went to France.

A daring idea was forming in Red's head. "Why not?" he asked himself. "I ain't got nuthin' to lose. Nobody cares whether I'm dead or alive anyhow, 'ceptin' maybe the law, and it ain't caught me yet." He passed on.

Several hours later, Jack Fredericks, the young officer, happened to read the same bulletin. Its appeal to him was entirely different from its appeal to Red. A great longing to fight for the country that he loved surged through him. Thinking deeply, he, too, passed on.

Red enlisted in the army the next day. A new haircut, clean shave, except for a small mustache, and clean, well-cut clothes made it almost impossible to recognize the shaggy, dirty "Red-who-was."

"What a joke I'm going to play on Uncle Sam," chuckled the distinguished, auburn-haired young man to himself. "I'll teach him to try to hang me."

Red, now known as Terry O'Shannon, was sent to aviation school for long weeks of training. In addition to learning about planes, he learned some things about his country—things of which he had never dreamed. He studied hard, because he wanted in some way to show Uncle Sam a thing or two.

Being naturally friendly, he soon became one of the most well-liked men in his group. After several months' training he was sent to France. Advancement came quickly; he was chosen squadron leader for a group of planes.

Terry and his squadron became famous for their record in shooting down planes. One day as he was inspecting a new group of replacements, his eyes met those of Jack Fredericks. His breath came short in fear and expectancy. Then, when he saw that he was not recognized, he relaxed and smiled unconsciously. Jack, seeing that smile, smiled back.

Before long the two became friends. Being constant companions, Terry lived with a growing fear that Jack

would recognize him. One of Jack's favorite books was **THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY**. Terry read it and was overcome with the desire to really belong to a country. Return to America would definitely mean capture and disgrace.

Often Jack told him stories about his life, the home and job he used to have. Once he said, looking squarely at Terry, "I almost had one guy right before I joined the army, but he got away. Was that a blow to my pride?" He grinned rather weakly. "He must have turned to air. Nobody's seen him since." He looked sideways at Terry and hurried on to say, "I've been talking so long, I think it's time you said something."

Terry replied with a faintly puzzled expression on his face, "I haven't got anything to tell. Nuthin's happened to me in a long time. You know, just day in, day out—"

As he listened to Jack, he realized more than ever that he could never belong to the country which he had learned to appreciate. "Gee, to think that I would ever feel this way about Uncle Sam," he kept muttering to himself.

The next afternoon the squadron returned without him. Sometime later they brought him to the small hospital. Anyone could see that it would be for the last time.

Terry realized Jack was at his bedside, and seeing the grief in his face, Terry just gazed up, wondering what would happen if Jack knew the truth about him. In the hope of making the situation easier for Jack, Terry began to tell him who he was. Jack interrupted:

"Nurse said it wasn't good for you to talk—"

"But—"

"Shut up! I said listen! Sure, I knew all the time . . . officer of the law . . . would not arrest . . . Uncle Sam needs you. . . ."

"Gee, ain't things screwy?" Terry's voice weakened and the light was almost gone from his eyes. "So long, copper. I'll be seein' ya—later."

Smart Guy

Gladys Burrows

"Got a match?" Jimmerson asked as he edged over.

"Sure," answered a disconsolate voice. "All I do have."

Jimmerson's gaze took in the man: heavy beard, tired eyes, weary mouth, shabby clothes. "Out of work long?"

"Man, what is work?"

"What do you do? Know anything about oil fields and roughnecking?"

"Been raised on it."

"You're the man I need. I want some more like you."

"Sounds like Heaven to me! But how can I work with no boots, no clothes, no—"

"Don't worry. Meet me in front of the First National Bank this afternoon at one o'clock, and I'll advance you some money and give you some further instructions. By the way, what's your name?"

"Joe Martin. And thanks, I'll be there."

"Say, Mister," began a husky voice, "did you say you needed some roughnecks? If you do, I'm just the guy."

"You'll do all right. I guess you heard the details too, that I gave the other fellow. Well, you can meet me at the bank at one, too."

This was going to be easier than he had thought. How those men's eyes glowed at the very thought of work. Jimmerson thanked God for the depression.

Joe Martin was bringing a companion. "Say, Mister, you told me you needed some other guys like me, and so I brung along my pal. We was on tour together up at Glade-water."

"O.K. I'll take him, too."

"Thank you, sir," the other man answered. "And could you advance me a little cash, too?"

"Yes. Meet me at the bank with your friend."

The news spread rapidly, and soon Jimmerson had his desired twelve men and was weary with turning down others. At last he broke away and went into a small cafe about midway down the block. Twelve-thirty o'clock, and the regular noon rush. He eased onto the only vacant stool. "Cup o' coffee." His voice sounded powerful, just like he felt. It was crisp and business-like. He drank slowly, noting the big fat guy who handed him his coffee—placid eyes, easy-going laugh. Dumb cluck, thought Jimmerson. A blonde waitress, returning with a tray, smiled at him. She's dumb, too, he thought; both numbskulls, or they wouldn't be slaving in a little two-by-four hash house. He looked at his watch. Ten minutes to one. Just time enough to make the bank.

They were gathered at the front of the building, all eager and hopeful with the promise of money and a job. Jimmerson sneered a little as he looked them over: riffraff, he thought.

"Well, boys, I'll have to go in and get some money. Follow me and line up at the teller's window."

Inside, Jimmerson wrote a note. He handed it to the teller:

Give me ten grand and make it snappy. Don't show surprise or give an alarm, because I've got you covered.

Speechless, the clerk regarded the row of twelve hardened faces. If he changed color suddenly, no one noticed, for twelve pairs of eyes were held fascinated by the crisp bills as they crackled in the trembling hands.

Jimmerson's thin lips curled in a smile as he took the bills. And then he paused, the smile still glued below his cold eyes. He could feel something round and hard sticking into his back just beneath his left shoulder blade.

"Put 'em up, Jimmerson," said a quiet voice. "We've got you this time."

Just then Jimmerson remembered that Joe Martin was the name of a captain on the Texas Ranger force.

I Don't Know How it Happened

Anonymous

Sure, I can tell you how you happened to be here and why you are my roommate. You took Billy's place.

Billy and I were roommates from the beginning of the training camp until now. In case you don't remember, we were roomies last year. When we came here, we kind of took up with each other and decided to room together; we'd go home together, and when we'd come in at night, we'd wrestle until I got him tied up. I won nearly all the time, because he was so much smaller than I was. We'd wrestle, and then study. We'd lie in bed and talk at night about what we were going to do when we graduated, and where we were going in the summer and about our teachers and about our subjects and about everything that a college man can talk about. And when we studied, he'd always help me, 'cause I never was very good in books. And on the field I'd help him, because he was new to football and I knew most of the tricks. You know how he was—he made up in fight and determination and guts what he lacked in size. But still he had to know all the tricks he could, because that was where he could get by the big boys. Gee, remember how funny he would look submarining one time, and going over the next? And remember how he'd laugh when he'd get a tackle? And there was nothing he'd rather do than block a big man, remember? We were going to coach together when we got out of school; we were going to be a coaching team—he'd take the backfield, and I would take the line. We decided that that would be better, because I was bigger and looked more like a line coach. I never could talk like he could.

He'd say, "Pop, nothing will ever break us up—our friendship, I mean, will it?"

And I'd say, "Nope, Bill," and give him a shove into bed. And he'd accuse me of getting fat, and I'd sling a pillow at him. That's the way Billy was, remember?

And then during the summer we separated. We wrote each other twice a week—I'd never write a girl that much, but I'd write Billy. I was working on the highway—Coach got me the job; but Billy was working in his father's store. He was on the football squad, all right, but he was just too small to be a real good man. So in the summers he had to shift for himself. In his letters he'd always wish for school to start so that he could play football—he'd rather play than eat.

So in the fall we were back, and Billy and I were roommates again; and everything was like it had been. The going was tough this year, and Billy was getting hit worse than any of us. He'd fight like the devil, and if I didn't cover a little of his territory they'd go over him. I wasn't

going to very much trouble when I did it—I was so big that it just meant taking a little more punishment instead of mixing it up to make it easy for me. You see, to cover up for Billy meant that practically every time I had to charge in, and that made it easier for the other men to put the pressure on me.

It was about that time that Billy met Marge. She was a cute little blonde with a smile that would even melt Coach's heart. It wasn't long before you could see that he was in love with her; and it wasn't very much longer before even he knew it. At night, when the lights were out, he would tell me all about her. He'd ask me if I thought she was swell, and I'd say yes. He'd tell me in a million different ways that she was all he had ever hoped for. And it seemed that he was doing all right, for he had her practically going steady with him. I agreed with everything that he said,



but I really didn't know, for I hardly knew her. I had to admit that she looked perfect—you couldn't find a flaw anywhere.

Every day Billy had classes from nine until ten when I was off. He asked me nearly every day to talk, walk, or do something with Marge until he got out of class. Mostly we just talked about nothing, or I kidded her, or she kidded me or we'd just sit in the sun and say nothing. Sometimes we'd go to the field house. Before practice I'd meet her, and we'd do the same things that we did in the mornings while we waited for Billy to get out of class. Billy would study on Sunday afternoons so that he could date Marge at night, and for a couple of Sundays he asked me to go to see her so that no one would beat his time. I've always wondered about that. I think he knew that I was lonesome those afternoons when he studied. I went, and then it was regular; every Sunday afternoon I'd go to see her, and every night

Billy would. Sometimes we'd go to the show. Sometimes, especially on rainy afternoons, we'd just look at magazines and talk. When it was warm and sunny we'd walk or go to the river and sit under a tree, and I'd go to sleep or else I'd be about three quarters asleep. She'd make sandwiches sometimes when we'd go there, and I'd lean back against the big oak where we went most of the time, and she'd lean back against my shoulder though she shouldn't have done that I thought. And then I didn't want to go there any more—I didn't want her leaning back against me with her eyes closed and her head back. But I didn't see what I could do; I couldn't think of any excuse. I'd be lying if I told you that I didn't like it, and maybe that is the reason that I kept going. Anyway, I did.

And then pretty soon winter was getting close, and we figured that maybe this would be the last warm Sunday, so we decided to go to the river one more afternoon. The sun was warm, and everything was quiet and still, and you'd know that it was Sunday even if you didn't know the day of the week because everything was so quiet, and the sun was so warm and there wasn't any noise. And then we were walking down the river bank, but we didn't say anything much; we just walked, swinging hands, and we looked at the river and at each other. Then we were at the Oak tree and the grass and clover smelled cool and sweet, and we just lay there looking at the river, and I looked at her. I must have fallen asleep, for the first thing I knew I was waking. My arm was stretched out and Marge's head was on my hand. I started to slip it out, because I thought she was asleep, but she looked up at me, and maybe I was just half awake; anyway, I don't know what happened, but there I was kissing her, and her arms were around me, and I was glad of it.

She said, "I love you, Pop," and I kissed her again, and I looked up, and there was Billy. I didn't know what to do or say, but Marge had my hand and she said, "Billy, it's better that you know now th—."

"Hell, I know now!" Billy said, and walked off.

That night I tried to talk to him, but all he would do was look at me. And when I kept trying, he said that I could keep my damn mouth shut. And there wasn't anything else that I could do. He wouldn't talk to Marge, and he wouldn't talk to me. He never smiled any more, and I couldn't stand it in the room with his never saying a word, never smiling, and walking around fast and never even looking at me, I started spending more time with Marge because Billy didn't want me around him, and I wouldn't stay in the room. And in practice when I'd charge in, he'd tell me to get the hell out of his territory and learn to take care of my own. It still might have been all right if a line backer hadn't heard him and said that I had taken over what he thought was his territory. Billy knew that he was talking about

Marge and after that I couldn't get a chance to charge in. I took care of the line backer, but that didn't help. Well, Billy was light and they started moving him, and every time I'd go in he'd get me with an elbow or a knee and I had to quit—it's bad enough to have the other fellow throwing them at you, but when your own guard starts, it is time to play in your own territory, so I did. And Billy kept moving down the line until he was third string; and then finally one day he was fourth string. That wasn't because I wasn't helping him, but it was because he just didn't seem to care anymore.

Let's go work out. Billy? He had to leave; he was cut from the squad last week. It doesn't seem right without him, though.

Men of the Field

These men were soldiers
Who killed other soldiers.
(All they fought, less one, a false patriot.)
Soldiers as unwilling to be killing
and filling men with death
as they
Little gods under Chauvin's sway

Here one speaks:
"False patriot, you might call the roll.
TWO armies camp here, dusty and cold.
Chauvin! Patriot!
Did you ever see battles
fought on the field,
with nothing here to be won?
(Except one's life.)
Did you see, perhaps, that battle
lost on this field?
(No, you say?)
Where defenders of you and nothingness
lived and died and killed
their sons unborn."

Marzett Thomas

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